

Lady Demon™



Lady Demon #1 (of 3) • Mar. 2000

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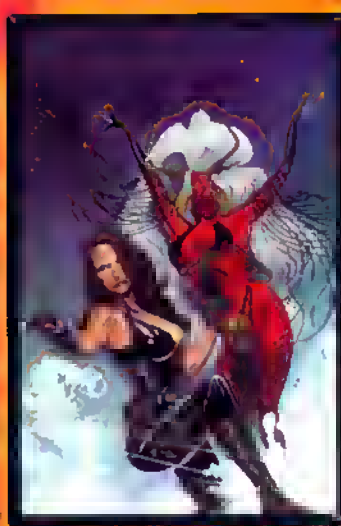


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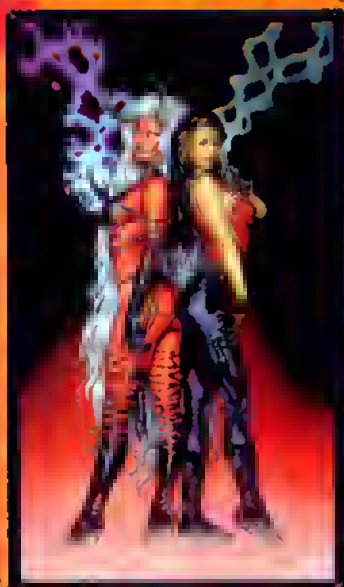
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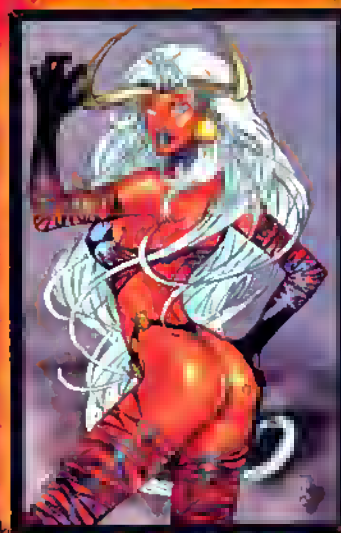
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Lady Demon

#1 (of 3)
Possession
with
Intent

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Chaos!
Lady Demon, consort to Lucifer, peer of the Royal Court of Hell, fled the tribulations of the Inferno by merging with the soul of a human woman and escaping to Earth. However, she's about to learn that her unwitting host has a past to escape - and battles to fight -- of her own...

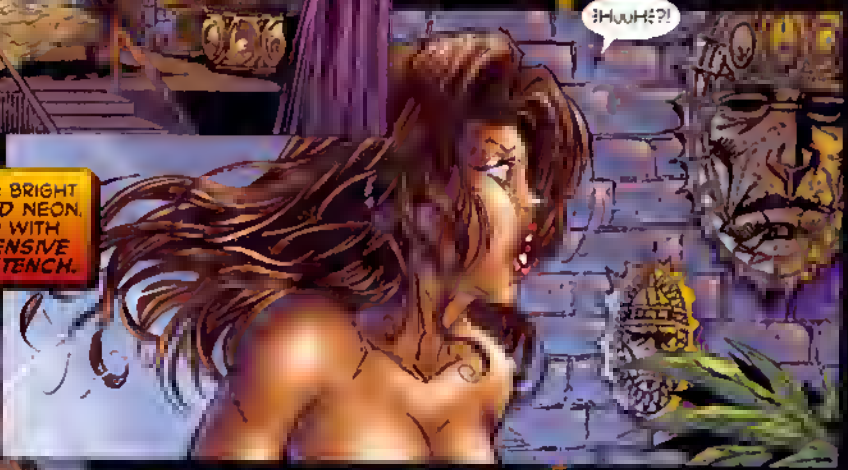
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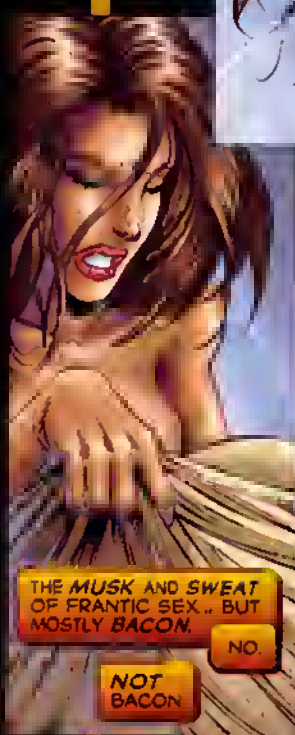


THERE'S A SORT OF
JERK, AND THE
FEELING OF SOMETHING
SLITHERING INSIDE ME.

I'VE NO IDEA WHERE I
AM OR HOW I GOT HERE.



THE WINDOWS ARE BRIGHT
WITH SECOND-HAND NEON.
THE ROOM FILLED WITH
EVIDENCE OF EXPENSIVE
BAD TASTE, AND STENCH.



THE MUSK AND SWEAT
OF FRANTIC SEX.. BUT
MOSTLY BACON.

NOT
BACON

NO.



DEFINITELY
NOT BACON



OH,
GOD
NOT
AGAIN.

KRASH

CHUK

THUD

FREEZE
OR YOU'RE
DEAD!

TEAR GAS, FLASH
GRENADES DRAMATIC
ENTRANCE.

GOD,
THAT
SMELL...

I'M DEAD WHETHER
I FREEZE OR TRY
TO RABBIT

BASTARDS!

WHY
COULDN'T
YOU JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE?!

UNGHK! HAK! GUM!

SKRASH

THAKAKAKAKA

I SURPRISE MYSELF.
THERE'S SOMETHING
INSIDE ME THAT'S ON
FIRE, THAT REFUSES
TO GIVE UP.

HOLY
SHIT!

THEY DON'T SEND THIS
KIND OF TEAM JUST TO
RESCUE SOMEONE
FROM BAD DÉCOR.

THEY'VE GOT
ME COLD. I
SHOULD BE
SCARED
SPITLESS.

INSTEAD,
I'M JUST
PISSED.



THAKAKAKAKA



THUP THUP THUP THUP



WHLIK

SNAPPT

*



IS THAT
THE
TARGET?

SHE
LOOKS...
DIFFERENT.



HELLO.
LOVERS.

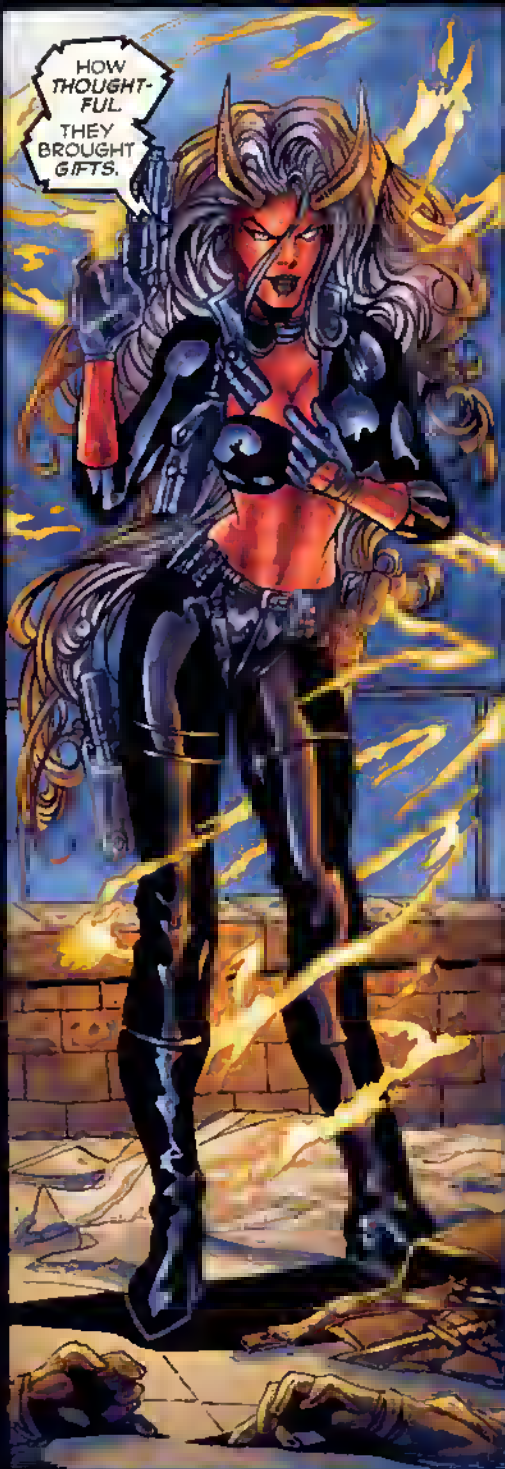
A PITY
I CAN'T
STAY.

AND IT
WANTS OUT.



KRAK

KRUK

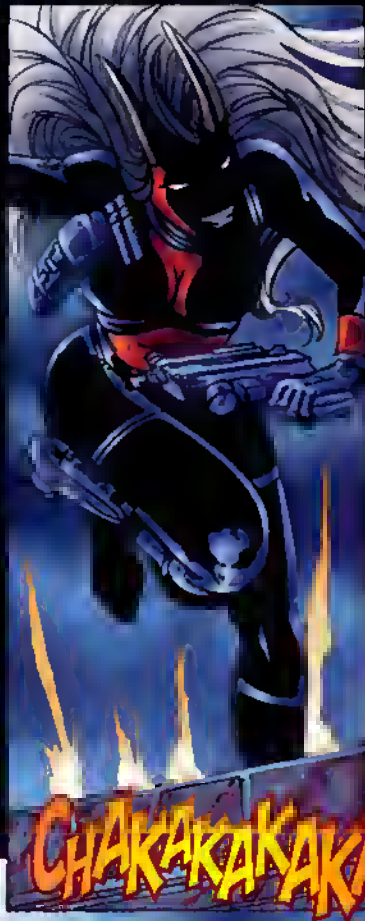


HOW
THOUGHT-
FUL.
THEY
BOUGHT
GIFTS.



TARGET
REACQUIRED
CLOSING

HRRR...



FIRE!
SHE'S
HEADING
FOR THE
EDGE!

CHAKAKAKAKA



WE'VE
GOT HER
THEN. THAT'S A
GOOD FIFTY
FEET.
SHE CAN'T
POSSIBLY...



HA
HAHA
HA!
SUCH
WONDERFULLY
BRUTAL
TOYS.
AND
THAT SCENT
OF CORDITE...
EXQUISITE!

NOW
THERE'S
SOMETHIN' YOU
DON'T SEE
EVERYDAY...

SHRAKAKAKA

FIRE
IN THE
HOLE!

INCENDIARIES!
WHERE'D SHE GET
INCENDIARIES?!

SHRAKAKAKA

SKRUK

WE'RE
LOSING
HER.

WAS
THAT AFRICA,
OR AUSTRALIA?
DAMN, I MUST BE
GETTING OLD IF I
CAN'T REMEMBER
A SIMPLE THING
LIKE THAT.

McMURDO
TO OPS. WE
HAVE A
PROBLEM.

DID YOU
SMELL THAT
PLACE? LIKE
SOMEBODY
ROASTED A TON
OF PORK.

THAT'S
NOT RIBS, SON.
THAT'S HUMAN
FLESH. WHY
THEY CALL IT
"LONG PIG"?

MMNNNGH!

I WAKE UP IN THE BASEMENT STUDIO THAT PASSES AS MY SAFE HOUSE.

I RENT IT THROUGH A COUPLE OF FAKE NAMES AND A MANAGEMENT AGENT WHO'S NEVER HEARD OF ME.

IT'S NOT *MUCH*, BUT IT'S PROBABLY BETTER THAN I DESERVE.

THEN THE SMELL HITS ME --

...

AT FIRST, I FIGURE I MUST'VE SWEAT LIKE CLINTON AROUND WHITE HOUSE INTERNS.

YAAWHP!
ECHHH!

AND I REMEMBER

THEY FOUND ME. ALMOST HAD ME

IF I HADN'T TAKEN THAT STUPID, CRAZY DIVE OUT THE WINDOW AND... AND WHAT? EVERYTHING AFTER THAT IS BLANK.

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO ME?

SPLOOSH

UHH! UHH!

FUUHHGGHH!

I MANAGE TO SCRUB THE BLOOD OFF, BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL CLEAN

I'M USED TO IT. I HAVEN'T FELT THAT WAY IN A LONG TIME

TIME FOR MY DAILY
DOSE OF EMOTIONAL
SELF-FLAGELLATION.

I TAKE MY USUAL
SEAT IN THE BACK,
NEAR THE EXITS,
AWAY FROM THE
DECENT PEOPLE.

"... MY
DISHONOR
IS CONTINUALLY
BEFORE ME, AND
THE SHAME OF MY
FACE HAS COVERED
ME BECAUSE OF THE
VOICE OF HIM WHO
REPROACHES AND
REVILES ...

"-- BECAUSE
OF THE ENEMY
AND THE
AVENGER."

"ALL THIS
HAS COME
UPON US, BUT
WE HAVE NOT
FORGOTTEN
YOU."

THE CALL TO RECEIVE
COMMUNION IS MY
CUE TO LEAVE.

MY MORTAL
SIN/
CONFESSION
RATIO ISN'T
UP TO IT

SIX BILLION
HAIL MARYS
WON'T EARN
ME
REDEMPTION
NOT AFTER
THE THINGS
I'VE DONE.

CLEAR

HOWEVER THEY
FOUND ME
LAST NIGHT,
I'M MANAGING
TO STAY
MISSING TODAY

NOW ALL I
HAVE TO
DO IS FIND
MYSELF.

JUST AS SOON
AS I FIGURE OUT
WHERE TO START
LOOKING.

THE EXTRAORDINARY
TASKS COMMISSION
OPERATIONS COMMAND
CENTER

THE
BEGINNING.

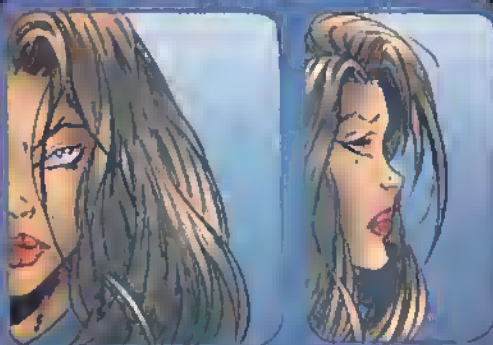
START
AT THE
BEGINNING.

CHAK
TANA
TAK



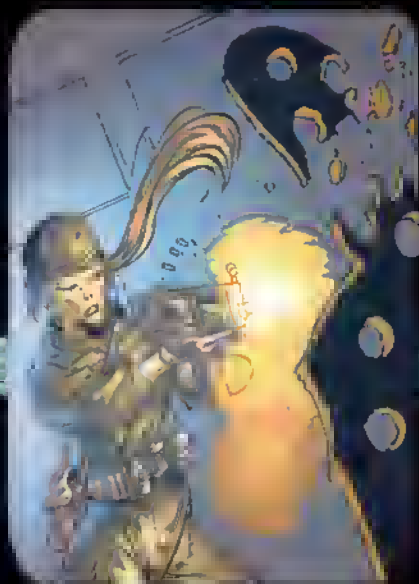
IDB FILE
MONTESSORI
CHERYL JORM
OPS DESIGNATION:
FIELD
OPERATIVE
CLEARANCE:
S-4
SERVICE
RECORD
ABSTRACT
FOLLOWS...

SUMMARY:
A HIGHLY EFFECTIVE AGENT.
RECORD LISTS NUMEROUS COMMENDATIONS
FOR MISSION SUCCESS UNDER EXCEEDINGLY
DIFFICULT CONDITIONS.
PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT REPORTS
STANDARD PERSONALITY STRESS ESCALATION
CURVE ASSOCIATED WITH NON-SOCIOPATHIC
PERSONALITY.
TIME CODED
PSYCHINDEXES FOLLOW...



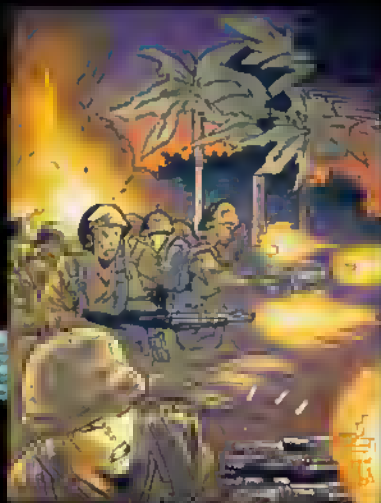
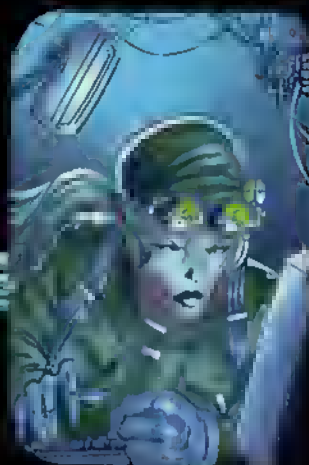
MISSING IN ACTION

AGENT
MONTESSORI
ASSIGNED DUTY
OPERATION:
MERGER
ASSIGNMENT
FAILURE WITH
LOSS OF ALL
BACK UP
PERSONNEL.
MONTESSORI
PRESUMED
TERMINATED.



TRAINING:
COMBAT, ARMED
AND UNARMED,
DEEP COVER
TECHNIQUE,
COMPUTER
SYSTEMS
PENETRATION.

RECEIVED
HIGHEST RATINGS
FROM ALL
INSTRUCTORS
INDIVIDUAL
EVALUATIONS
FOLLOW...




YEAH,
WELL, WE
GAVE IT OUR
BEST SHOT --
BUT SOMETHING
DAMN
STRANGE IS
GOING ON.



HOWEVER,
RECENT
REPORTS
INDICATE
MONTESSORI
IS ALIVE AND
IN HIDING.
ASSUMED
COMPROMISED
AND
TARGETED FOR
ELIMINATION.



WHERE
ARE YOU,
MONTESSORI --
-- AND
WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME
HAVE YOU
BECOME?



THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN I **THOUGHT**
I KNEW WHO I WAS.

PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL,
"TOPSY" TO MY
MOTHER, FOR SOME
REASON I NEVER
FIGURED OUT "CHER"
TO MY FRIENDS AT
SCHOOL.

NOT THAT I LOOKED
ANYTHING LIKE
THE SINGER, BUT
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL
AND FAMOUS, SO
IT WAS OKAY BY ME.

WE HAD PLENTY
OF MONEY AND
A NICE HOUSE
IN BROOKLYN THAT
MOMMA'S Hired
HELP KEPT CLEAN
WHILE SHE ARRANGED
HER "SOCIETY
EVENTS".

PAPA DID SOMETHING
COMPLICATED THAT HAD
TO DO WITH **MONEY**;
WHEN I ASKED ABOUT
IT, EVERYBODY
SAILED AND SAID I
WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

...AND YOU TELL
JOEY THE FISH
THAT HE DOESN'T
FALL INTO LINE,
HE'S HISTORY,
CAPEESH?

"GOD! I CAN'T BELIEVE
I ACTUALLY THOUGHT
THAT WAS ROMANTIC, IN
THIS DAY AND AGE --

-- HE WAS ONE OF
THE "BRIGHT
YOUNG MEN"
IN MY FATHER'S
"BUSINESS".

TRANSLATION:
MY FIANCEE WAS
A SUCCESSFUL
PROFESSIONAL
CRIMINAL WITH AT
LEAST FOUR "HITS"
TO HIS CREDIT.

THE DAY OF THE WEDDING,
I LOOKED IN THE MIRROR
AND EVERYTHING I THOUGHT
I KNEW ABOUT WHO AND
WHAT I WAS EVAPORATED
IN A HEARTBEAT.

I FINALLY SAW
MYSELF CLEARLY.
DAUGHTER OF A
GANGSTER, LOVER
TO A MURDERER.

I COULDN'T
LIVE WITH IT
ANYMORE.

THEY WERE WRONG. LITTLE
GIRLS IN NICE ITALIAN
FAMILIES IN OUR PART OF
BROOKLYN WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE CUTE, NOT SMART. I
WAS BOTH.

...THE
ESCALATING
VIOLENCE IN THE
CURRENT WAR
BETWEEN COMPETING
ORGANIZED CRIME
FACTIONS
CONTINUES.

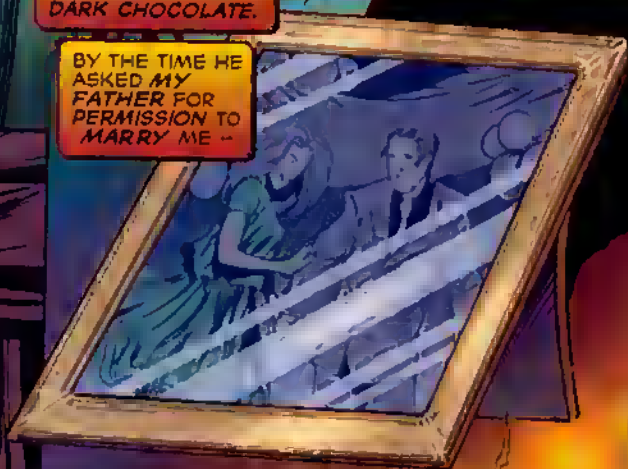
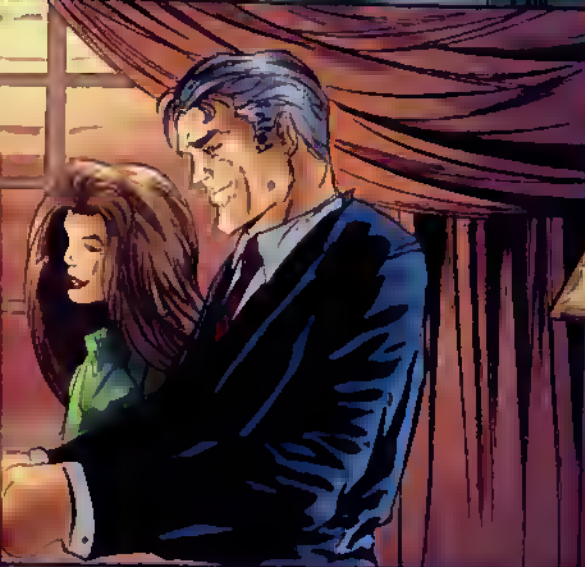
TODAY,
POLICE
OFFICIALS MADE
THE FOLLOWING
STATEMENT...

I KNEW. ALL RIGHT.
IT JUST DIDN'T
SEEM IMPORTANT.

NOT COMPARED TO
THINGS LIKE PRETTY
NEW DRESSES,
BALLERINA BARBIE,
AND EVENTUALLY,
BOYS.

AND LATER, YOUNG
MEN LIKE VITTORIO
ZAMANARO, SICK
AND ADDICTIVE AS
DARK CHOCOLATE.

BY THE TIME HE
ASKED MY
FATHER FOR
PERMISSION TO
MARRY ME -

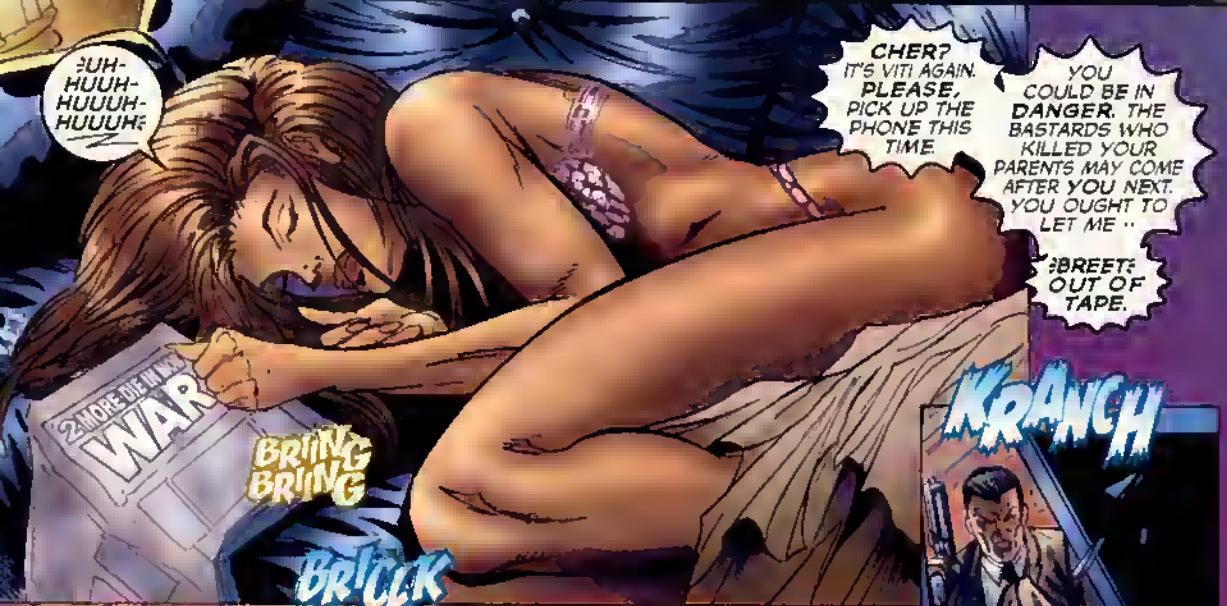


I RAN FROM THE
CHURCH, BLIND
WITH TEARS -

MOMMA AND PAPA GOT IN
THE CAR TO
COME AFTER
ME -

- AND
DIED.





CHER?
IT'S VITI AGAIN.
PLEASE,
PICK UP THE
PHONE THIS
TIME

YOU
COULD BE IN
DANGER. THE
BASTARDS WHO
KILLED YOUR
PARENTS MAY COME
AFTER YOU NEXT.
YOU OUGHT TO
LET ME ..

BREET
OUT OF
TAPE.



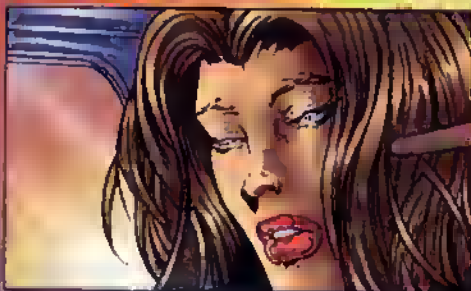
DAMN.
THE BITCH'S
GONE.

THE
BOSS AIN'T
GONNA LIKE
DIS.

VITI WAS RIGHT. IT WAS ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME.

IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE WHAT
WAS LEFT OF MY OLD LIFE
BEHIND, AND START FRESH
SOMEWHERE I'D BE SAFE ..

-- AND MAKE A START
ON ATONING FOR A
LIFETIME'S WORTH
OF SINS OF OMISSION.



SO I FLEW TO
WASHINGTON
AND JOINED THE FBI.



...AS YOU CAN
CLEARLY SEE,
THE EXIT
WOUND...

I GRADUATED FROM THE
ACADEMY WITH HONORS.
I HAD A BRIGHT FUTURE
AHEAD OF ME


UNTIL THE DAY THE
DEVIL MADE ME AN
OFFER ON MY SOUL ..

...MY AGENCY IS
IMPRESSED WITH
YOUR WORK HERE.
AGENT MONTESSORI.
EXTREMELY
IMPRESSED.

I'VE BEEN
AUTHORIZED
TO OFFER YOU
A PLACE IN OUR
ORGANIZATION...

-- AND I ACCEPTED.





THE EXTRAORDINARY TASKS COMMISSION IS AS DEEP BLACK AS IT GETS. JUST KNOWING THEIR INITIALS CAN GET YOU KILLED.

THEY SPECIALIZE IN THE KIND OF DIRTY WORK THE C.J.A. DOESN'T HAVE THE STOMACH TO TOUCH. THINK ABOUT THAT.

ASSASSINATION AND DRUG TRAFFICKING ARE S.O.P. THEY OVERTHROW INCONVENIENT FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS OVER LUNCH.

I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN IT WAS I LOST TRACK OF WHY I'D JOINED THE FBI.

MAYBE IT'S JUST A CASE OF BLOOD RUNNING TRUE.

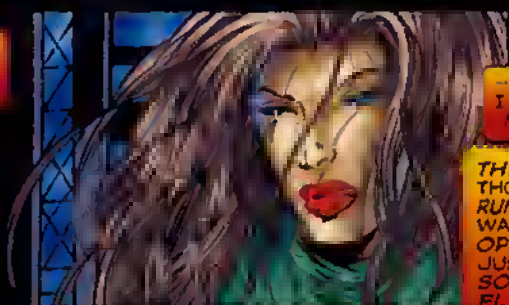
BECAUSE I WAS WORKING FOR AN ORGANIZATION EVERY BIT AS BAD AS MY FATHER'S --

-- AND I WAS ONE OF THEIR BEST.

THEN CAME THE NIGHT THEY ORDERED ME TO KILL VITTORIO ZAMBARO, AND FOR THE SECOND TIME, I TOOK A GOOD LONG LOOK AT MY LIFE --



DON'T ASK WHO THIS IS, JUST TELL VITI TO DISAPPEAR IF HE WANTS TO LIVE.



-- AND WHAT I SAW MADE ME SICK.

THIS TIME, THOUGH, RUNNING AWAY WASN'T AN OPTION. THEY'D JUST ASSIGN SOMEBODY ELSE, WHILE I'D BE PAINTING A TARGET ON MY OWN FOREHEAD.

THINGS WENT SOUTH FROM THERE. SOMEBODY TIPPED VITI'S MEN TO WHERE MY TEAM AND I WERE STATIONED.

THRAKAKAKAKAKAKAK

BLAM BLAM

INSTEAD, I TOOK THE JOB, AND TRIED TO SUBVERT IT.

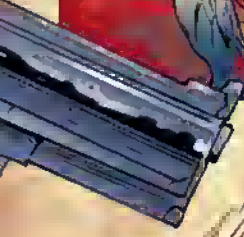


IT WAS A BLOODBATH.

THEY SAVED ME FOR LAST. I KNEW TALKING WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, SO I DIDN'T GIVE THEM THE SATISFACTION.

ENOUGH OF THIS ALREADY DO HER.

...REPENT OF MY SINS AND ASK FORGIVENESS IN THE NAME OF YOUR SON, JESUS CHRIST...



I FELT THE BARREL OF THE GUN PRESS AGAINST THE BACK OF MY HEAD.



AND WOKE
UP IN HELL.

NO...
I DON'T
BELONG
HERE! I
REPENTED!

A
MOMENT'S
HURRIED
REMORSE FOR A
LIFETIME OF SIN
DOES NOT
BALANCE AGAINST
YOUR MORAL
DEBT!

SAGHHKE

FOOLISH
HUMAN!

AHHH...
A FRESH
SOUL, STILL
WARM FROM
VIOLENT
DEATH...
YOU'LL
DO.

Brewer after Hughes

I'M...
ALIVE.
ALIVE!

COFF
COFF

BUT MY
LIFE WON'T
BE WORTH A
DIME IF ANY-
ONE FINDS
OUT!

HAVE
TO RUN...
HIDE!

I'VE BEEN
DOING BOTH
EVER SINCE.

MEMORIES... FROM
LAST NIGHT... COMING
BACK TO ME NOW.

THE... WHATEVER
IT WAS... THAT
BROUGHT ME
BACK FROM
HELL...

...SUMMONED
UP FROM INSIDE
ME BY THE ETC
STRIKEFORCE'S
ATTACK...

A THING OF LUST
AND SAVAGERY...
SEX AND VIOLENCE IN
ONE HANDY PACKAGE...

NOW THAT IT WAS FREE... IT WANTED MORE.
OF EVERYTHING, IT TOOK HUMAN FORM...

HELLO,
LOVER.

HEL-LO,
BEAUTIFUL!

WANNA
DANCE?

MMNNHHH...

OH,
BABY...

DESPERATELY.
BUT NOT HERE...

UHHRRGROWL

JESUS,
YOU'RE
HOT.

SO
DAMN
HOT.

LORD, I REMEMBER
NOW I REMEMBER!

CUK
CUK
CUK

THE
TRUTH

I'VE BEEN TELLING
MYSELF IT WAS ALL
A HALLUCINATION.
THAT MAYBE I WAS
JUST GOING CRAZY...
BUT THAT'S A LIE.

OH,
GOD.

IT WAS
REAL. IT
WAS ALL
REAL

I DIED.

I CAME BACK
FROM HELL

AND I BROUGHT
SOMETHING
WITH ME

WHAT?
HOW DID
I GET
HERE?

THAT'S
THE SAFE
HOUSE...
WHERE IT ALL
HAPPENED.

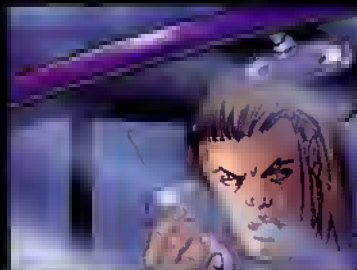
THE
LAST PLACE
I'D GO ON
PURPOSE.

DID MY SUBCONSCIOUS
GUIDE ME BACK HERE -- OR
WAS IT SOMETHING ELSE?



DAG.

LOOKS
LIKE ONE
MESS-UP
BITCH TO
ME.



YEAH, SURE, MY
HEART **BLEEDS**
FOR HER. BUT IT'S
NOTHING A **BAND-
AID** WOULDN'T
CURE.

BIP

ALL RIGHT.
GUYS, WE'VE GOT
A **POSITIVE ID.**
DO YOUR THING.

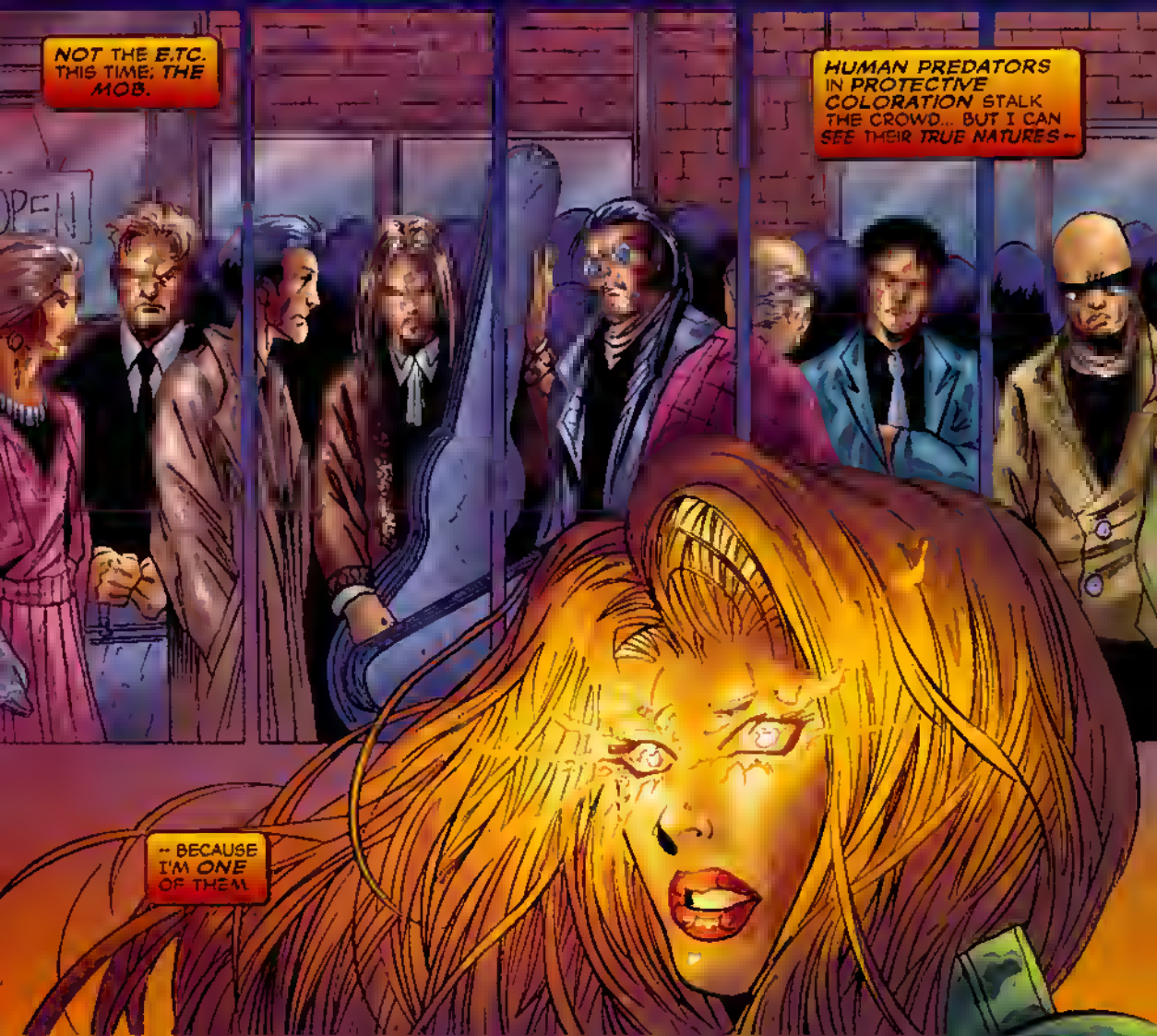


NO.
OH.
NO...

I'VE
BEEN FOUND
AGAIN. I CAN
SENSE IT.

NOT THE **E.T.C.**
THIS TIME: **THE
MOB.**

**HUMAN PREDATORS
IN PROTECTIVE
COLORATION** STALK
THE CROWD... BUT I CAN
SEE THEIR TRUE NATURES~



-- BECAUSE
I'M ONE
OF THEM.



AHHH...

BEING
ENTOMBED
WITHIN THAT PULING,
MORALISTIC
CREATURE IS
ALMOST MORE
THAN I CAN
BEAR.

I WON'T LET
HER COWARDICE
OVERWHELM ME
AGAIN! SHE'LL NOT
ROB ME OF THE
ECSTASY OF BATTLE
A SECOND
TIME!

I WILL
GUT OUR
ENEMIES AND
WALLOW IN
THEIR
BLOOD!

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!



SHRAKAKAKAK

JACKALS! I
WILL WEAR YOUR
ENTRAILS FOR
LINGERIE!



I TINK WE BEEN
NOTICED.

SHHK

SHHK

SKURK

JOU
THINK?

SHAKRACK

OUR
TARGET, SHE
IS LA FEMME
DIABOLIQUE.

IT IS
WE WHO
ARE NOW ZE
PREY.

LISTEN
TO THE BALD
ONE, AND
FLEE.

I MUCH
PREFER THE
THRILL OF
THE HUNT TO
EASY
SLAUGHTER.

BLAM

BLAM

CHOOM

CLIK PINKIE

THRAKAKAKAKA

FOOLSI

SHRAKAKAKAKA

CHANK
THRUK TING

HUK?

I AM
Lady Demon
OF THE ROYAL
COURT OF
HELL!

YOUR
PUNY
WEAPONS
CANNOT
HARM ..

SHRAKAKAKAKA
BOOM
BOOM

UHNUUKUK?

THRAKAKAKAKA



NO!

BY
MERGING...
WITH THE
HUMAN
FEMALE...

I'VE...
BECOME...

...MORTAL!

Next: **Mission:**
DIABOLICAL